

THE

203.

750

Song of Solomon,

Called the

Song of songs.

Translated into English

Meeter, and fitted to be sung with
any of the Common Tunes
of the P S A L M S.

The third Edition, revised and corrected by the Author.

Eph. 5. 19. *Speaking to your selves in Psalms, and Hymnes, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the LORD.*

EDINBURGH,

Printed by ANDREW ANDERSON,
and are to be sold at his House, on
the North side of the Cross,
ANNO DOM. 1669.





The first Dedication.

MORE aged Christian, who hath
sailed thorow
Many a sea of trouble, and art
now,

Arrived near the Port, this gift allow.
Perswade thy self to sing.

Likewise thou that hast lanced forth, yet

Amidst the waters far off from land, take
heart :

Conceive good hopes, thy Pilot acts his
part,

Sing praises to thy King.





Advertisement to the Reader.

Concerning this Song of *Solomon*, thou mayst take notice, that it consisteth wholly in an Allegorical Dialogue, or conference (containing the mutual loves and praises of Christ & his Church) betwixt the Bridegroom, or *Solomon* representing Christ: the Spouse signifying the Church in general, and more grown Christians therein: and the Daughters of *Jerusalem* or Bride-maids, figuring particular Churches, or weaker and younger professors. There are also the Bridegroom's friends, representing Ministers of the word, who are so styled, *John* 3. 29. (for I do not incline to think Angels make up any part of this Conference.) but these though we find them spoken to by the Bride, *Chap.* 2. 5. and by the Bridegrooms *Chap.* 2. 15. and speaking jointly with the Bridegroom, *Chap.* 6. 13. and 8. 9. yet can I not find them speaking anywhere by themselves in this Discourse. There being then three principal Interlocutors or speakers, you may find them designed in the margin where they begin to speak, the Bridegroom by *Bg.* the Spouse by *Sp.* the Daughters by *D.* I will detain thee with no further Preface at present. Fare-well.

A 3 Upon



Upon the *Song of Songs*.

R Eader, I dare be bold to offer thee
 A *Song*, which the superlative degree,
 Above four times two hundred fifty one
 Hath justly claim'd, and now is left alone
 A worthy *Trophy* of the victory
 Of *Providence* ov'r times edacity:
 Which though it do appear unto thy view (you
 Thus courly cloath'd with my poor Rhym, yet
 May well perceive an heavenly beauty shine,
 In lively *Emblems*, *Mystries* divine.
 O, 'tis a love-thing! true, yet doth inflame
 The heart with such a love as works no shame:
 Thy strictest modesty 'twill not offend;
 But Christ and Grace unto thy soul commend:
 It borrows termes from common loves & things;
 This heavenly *Muse* yet nothing common sings.
 The purest loves, the choicest things below
 Are represented in this *Scene*; yet show
 But darkly what th' espoused soul doth find
 In her belov'd, and his embracements kind.
 These *Hieroglyphicks* best those souls can read,
 Whom he to God both *Kings* and *Priests* hath
 To these of sacred *Mysteries* are shown (made:
 The secrets, which to others rest unknown.
 Then warning take a *spirituall* heart to bring,
 If with true pleasure thou wouldst read or sing



The SONG of SOLOMON,

Called the
SONG of SONGS.

CHAPTER I.

*This is that Song most excellent
of Songs, wherein the King
Wise Solomon the loves of Christ
and of his Spouse doth sing.*

Sp. 2 **W**ith kisses of his mouth let him
me kisse, for better far,

And sweeter to my taste thy loves,
then wines the choicest are.

3 Thy name's as ointment powred forth,
thine odours do excell

In pleasant savour; therefore do
the Virgins love thee well.

4 Draw me, we will run after thee;
the King he did me bring
Into his chambers: hence will we
in thee rejoyce and sing.

We also will commemorate
thy love with more delight,
Then wine most relishing can yeeld:
thou'rt lov'd by the upright.

206 5, O Daughters of Jerusalem,
though I do black appear,
Like tents of Kedar; yet I am
as Solomons curtains fair.

6 Regard not then my Sun-burnt face,
no beauty there you'll see;
Because the Sun with scorching beams
hath looked upon me.

My mothers children were incens'd
against me, and did make
Me keep the Vineyards, whilst no care
I of mine own did take.

7 Acquaint me, O my best Belov'd,
I humbly thee request,
Where thou dost feed, and where thou
thy flock at noon to rest: (mak'it

For why should I in mourning plight
(as those that lose their way)
Turning by thy companions flocks,
be left to go astray?

B. g. 8 Fairest of women, knowst thou
then let the flock thee guide: (not?
Go trace their steps, and feed thy kids
the shepherds tents beside.

9 I have compared thee, my Love,
unto a company
Of strong and goodly horses which
in Pharaohs Charets be.

10 With Jewels comely are thy cheeks,
with chains of gold thy neck,

11 We golden borders will to thee
with studs of silver make.

12 While

Sp. 12 While with his train the King doth
his table round about, (sit

A very fweet and fragrant smel
my Spikenard sendeth out.

13 My well-Beloved is of Myrrhe,
a bundle unto me:

Betwixt my breasts throughtout the night,
repose himself shal he.

14 Of Camphire, my Beloved is,
to me a cluster fair,

Such as the fruitfull Vineyards of
Engedi use to bear.

Bg. 15 Lo, thou art fair, my dearest Love;
most comely is thy hew:

The chaste simplicity of Doves,
thine eyes do lively shew.

Sp. 16 Lo, my Belov'd, thour't fair, yea
green also is our bed. (sweet,

17 Of Cedar are our houses beams,
of Firr our Rafter made.

CHAP. II.

Bg. I Am the fair and goodly Rose,
that grows in Sharon field:

And I the pleasant Lilly am.
which valleys use to yeeld.

2 As Lillies do the fruitless thorns
in glory far excel:

So doth my Love in beauty far
surpass the Daughters all.

Sp. 3 As like unto the Apple-tree,
the wood affordeth none;

Amongst the Sons, none can compare
with my Beloved one.

Under his shade with great delight
I fate me down to rest,
Where I found shelter, and his fruit
was sweet unto my taste.

4 He brought me to his house of wine,
my grief there to allay;
Where he his Banner all of love
did over me display.

5 Stay me with flagons, and do ye
with Apples comfort me:
Because my heart o'recharg'd with love,
is pain'd exceedingly.

6 Under my head his left hand is,
his right embraceth me.

7 I charge you by the Roes and Hinds;
that in the fields go free,
O Daughters of Jerusalem,
do not disturb his ease;
Neither do ye my dearest Love
awake untill he please.

8 The voice of my Beloved! O!
this me with wonder fills:
He leaping on the mountains comes,
and skipping on the hills.

9 My wel-Beloved's as a Roe,
like a young Hart is he;
Lo, near at hand, behind our wall
you may him standing see.

He at the windows looketh forth,
and through the lattices:

He

He like unto a fresh blown flower,
doth show his comeliness.

Bg 10 My dearest spake, and said to me,
my Love, my fairest One,

11 Rise, come away, lo, winter's past,
the rain is ov'r and gone.

12 The flow'rs upon the earth appear,
the time is now at hand,

That birds do sing; the Turtles voice
is heard within our land.

13 Fig-trees put forth green figs, & Vines
with tender grapes, you may
Find smelling well: Arise, my Love,
my fair One, come away.

14 My Dove, that in the clefts of rocks
for shelter dost abide:

In secret places of the stairs,
who dost thee safely hide;

Thy countenance, O let me see
thy voice O let me hear;

For comely is thy countenance,
thy voice sweet to mine ear.

15 Take us the Foxes, for they do
our Vineyards much annoy,

The little Foxes, which the Vines
with tender grapes destroy.

Sp. 16 My well-Beloved he is mine,
and I am also his:

Amongst the Lilies sweet and fair,
his place of feeding is.

17 Turn, my Beloved, till day break,
and till the shadows flee:

Come

Come like the young Hart or the Roe
on-Bether hills to me.

CHAP. III.

sp. **B**Y night I sought my souls Belov'd,
when I on bed was laid ;

I sought him, but I found him not ;
then to my self I said,

2 I will arise now. and I will
the City go about,

And seek him whom my soul doth love,
untill I find him out.

Through streets and broad wa yes will
and seek him carefully : (go,

Accordingly I sought him, yet
he was not found by me.

3 The City watch-men did me find,
to whom I spake, and said ;

O! did ye see my dearest One ;
but I no answer had.

4 I then proceeded in my search,
but scarcely had I gone

A little from them, ere I found
my well-beloved One.

I held, and would not let him go,
till I had him receiv'd

Into the house and inmost rooms
of her that me conceiv'd.

5 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
I do you straitly charge,

Ev'n by the Roes and by the Hi nds,
which run in fields at large.

That

That ye do no disturbance make,
to interrupt his rest ;
And that ye wake not up my Love,
untill it please him best.

D. 6 O what a One is this that from
the wilderness ascends
As smoke, like pillars in the air ,
mounting still heavenward tends:
Who with Franckincense and with
perfumed is so well, (Myrthe
And with sweet powders of all sorts,
which Merchants use to sell.

Sp. 7 Behold his bed. even Solomons,
is guarded well about
By threescore men of Israel,
most valiant and stout.

8 They all hold swords and train'd for
each man in warlike plight (war,
His sword hath on his thigh, because
of terror in the night.

9 King Solomon a charet made,
of wood of Lebanon

10 Unto himself. Whose pillars were
of silver every one :

The bottom Gold : with purple he
did cover it above :

For daughters of Jerusalem
the midst was pav'd with love.

11 Daughters of Zion, go ye forth,
behold King Solomon

Wearing a glorious Diadem
his Royal head upon :

Which

Which Diadem, his mocher dear
 did set upon his head,
 The day wherein he was espous'd,
 and when his heart was glad.

CHAP. IV.

B. Behold, thou'rt beautifull, my Love,
 lo, thou art very fair :

The eyes of Doves thou hast within
 the dressings of thy hair :

Which hair of thine upon thy head,
 I fitly may compare

Unto a flock of Goats, which from
 mount Gilead appear.

: Thy teeth are like a flock well shorn,
 and newly washt, their young
 Each bringing forth by pairs, and none
 unfruitful them among.

3 Thy lips a threed of scarlet bright,
 do lively represent :

And in thy speech there doth appear
 a grace most excellent.

The temples of thy head within
 the dressings of thy hair,

Unto a piece of pomegranate
 right well resembled are.

4 Thy neck is like King Davids tower
 built for a Magazen,

Whereon a thousand bucklers hang,
 all sheilds of mighty men.

5 And thy two breasts compleatly form'd,
 resemble well a pair

Of

Of young Roes that are twins, which feed
among the Lilies fair.

6 Untill the day do break, and shades
do flee away from hence,
I'll get me to the mount of myrrhe,
and hill of Frankincense.

7 Thou art all fair, my dearest Love,
there is no spot in thee.

8 Come, O my Spouse, from Lebanon,
from Lebanon with me.

Look from Amana's height, and from
Shenir and Hermon hill,
From Lyons dens, and mountains where
the Leopards do dwell.

9 My Sister and my Spouse, thou hast
ravish't my heart from me
With one eye, one chain of thy neck,
and joyn'd it unto thee.

10 How fair is thy surpassing love,
my Spouse, my Sister dear!
How much to be preferr'd to wine,
which choisest vines do bear!

How do thine ointments pass in smel,
all spices precious!

11 Thy lips, as doth the honey comb,
drop sweetnesse, O my Spouse!
And underneath thy tongue is milk,
with honey sweetned well:

Thy garments do like Lebanon,
send forth a fragrant smel.

12 A Fountain well inclosed may
my Sister Spouse be call'd:

A Spring shut up on every side,

a Fountain that is seal'd.

13 Thy plants are like an Orchard fair,
set with the Pomegranate.

With Camphire, Spikenard, & the choise
of fruits most delicate.

14 Spikenard, all trees of Frankincense,
Myrrhe, Aloes, Calamus,
Saffron and Cinnamon, with all
the Spices precious.

15 The Gardens by a Fountain clear
are watered throughout:

A well of living waters, which
from Lebanon flow out.

Sp. 16 Awake, O North-wind, come thou
upon my Garden blow, (South,
That all the spices thereof may
forth in abundance flow.

O let my well-beloved come
into his Garden then,
And let him eat the pleasant fruits,
which to himself pertain.

CHAP. V.

Bg. I Am into my Garden come,
my Sister Spouse, and I
My Myrrhe and Spices gath'ed have,
and eaten plenteously
My honey with my comb, and drunk
my wine and milk have I:
Eat, O my Friends! drink, O Belov'd!
yea, drink abundantly.

Sp. I

Sp. 2 I sleep, but yet my heart doth wake;

the voice, me thinks, I hear

Of my Belov'd, who knocking, saith,

Open, my Sister dear,

My Love, my Dove, my Undeas'd.

my call, O do not flight;

My head is fill'd with dew, my locks,
with droppings of the night.

3 I have put off my coat, how shal
I put it on again?

I lately washed have my feet,
defile them shal I then;

4 Thorow the hole was in the door,
then did my well-Belov'd

Put in his hand, and for him were
my bowels greatly mov'd.

5 To open to my well-Belov'd,
I did arise at last:

My hands then flow'd with Myrrhe,
my fingers dropped fast (sweet Myrrhe
Upon the handles of the lock,

6 To my beloved One

Then open'd I; but my Belov'd,
Oh! was withdrawn and gone.

My soul then failed me, when I
his former speeches kind,

V Which I before had slighted, now
did call into my mind.

I sought him with all diligence,
but found he could not be:

I call'd upon him, but he gave
no answer unto me.

7 The City watch-men did me find,
and keepers of the wall;

They smote me, yea they wounded me,
and took from me my vail.

8 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
if my Belov'd you see,

I charge you, tell him, that for love,
I ready am to die.

9 Fairest of women, what is this
thou feelst in thy Belov'd

Above all others, that thou dost
appear so greatly mov'd?

We pray thee, tell us what thou mean'st
to charge us thus so hard,

As if there were no lovely One
with thine to be compar'd?

10 My well Beloved (would ye know)
is white and red most fair:

Amongst ten thousands as the Chief,
the standard he doth bear.

11 His head is as the massie gold,
ev'n as the gold most fine:

His locks are bushie, curled well,
and Raven-black do shine.

12 His eyes are clear and amiable,
like eyes of Doves that stay

Near water streams, washt white with
and fitly set are they. (milk,

13 His cheeks as flowrs of sweet perfume,
and beds where Spices grow:

His lips as Lilies are, from which
sweet smelling Myrrhe doth flow

As

14 As Rings of gold with Beryl set,
so do his hands appear :

His belly as bright Ivory,
o'relaid with Saphirs clear.

15 His legs as Marble pillars are
fine sockets fixt upon

Of massie gold : his countenance
looks out as Lebanon :

'Tis as the Cedars excellent.

16 His palat is most sweet ;
Yea whatsoever is in him,
to raise desires is meet.

O Daughters of Jerusalem,
a person such as this,

Is my Beloved, and my friend,
ev'n such a One he is.

CHAP. VI.

D. Fairest of women, whither is
thy well-beloved gone,

And turn'd a side, that we with thee
may seek this lovely One?

S. 2 My friend is to his Garden gone,
to beds of Spices rare,

That in the Gardens he may feed,
and gather Lilies fair.

3 I to my well-Belov'd, and he
doth unto me belong:

Ev'n my beloved One, who doth
the Lilies feed among.

4 Thou'rt comely as Jerusalem,
my Love, as Tirza fairs;

B

yet

Yet as an host with banners tho u,
dost terrible appear.

5 Thine eyes, O turn from me, because
they have me vanquished :

Thy hair is as a flock of Goats,
that shine from Gilead.

6 Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep
up from the washing gone,
Each bearing twins, and of all which
barren there is not one.

7 Unto a piece of Pomegranate
I fitly may compare

The temples of thy head, within
the dressings of thy hair.

8 Twise thirty Queens, and Concubins
twise forty though there be,
And multitudes past reckoning,
and Virgins though you see :

9 My Dove, my Undeilds but One,
the only One for worth

That's of her Mother, and the choise
of her that brought her forth,

The Daughters saw her, and they did
most blessed her proclaim :

The Queens and Concubins her saw,
and praised her with them :

10 O who is she that looketh forth,
as when the morning clear,

After the darkness of the night
beginneth to appear,

Fair as the Moon, and as the Sun
with spotless light array d,

Yet

6. Yet dreadful as an army, when
their banners are display'd?

usc Bg. 11 Into the Garden I went down
of Nuts that I might there
Behold the valley-fruits, and Vines,
if flourishing they were,
And if the Pomegranats did bud
12 But unexpectedlie,
Like charrets of Amminadib,
my soul made me to be.

13 Return, O Shulamite, return,
return make no delay:

O whither dost thou go? return,
that look on thee we may.

ns What will ye in the Shulamite
so great and worthy see?

We, of two armies, as it were,
will see a companie.

CHAP. VII.

Bg. HOW comely are thy feet with shoes
O Princes Daughter fair?

The joints and structure of thy thighs,
like precious jewels are,

Which by a work-mans hand are
that's in his art well skill'd. (wrought,

2 Thy navel's like a goblet round,
with liquor always fill'd.

Thy bellie's like an heap of wheat,
set round with Lilies fair. (breasts

3 Of young Roes that are twins. thy
to represent a pair.

4 They

4 Thy neck resemble doth a tow'r
of brightest Ivory :
Thine eyes those pools in heshbon, which
Bath-rabbim gates are nigh.
Thy nose is like that tow'r which stands
on Lebanon so high,
Toward Damascus, yeelding sight
unto the watchmans eye.
5 Thine head upon thee Carmel-like,
thine hair like purple is
Upon thy head : the King is held
within the Galleries.
6 How fair and pleasant for delights
art thou, my Love most dear !
7 Thy stature's Palm-tree like, thy breasts
as clusters do appear.
8 Unto the palm-tree ever recn,
I said, I will go up,
And of the branches will take hold,
which grow upon its top.
Now also shal thy breasts be like
the clusters of the vine;
Likewise the savor of thy nose,
as apples sweet and fine.
9 Thy palat as best wine, which I
for my Beloved keep,
That goeth sweetly down, and makes
their lips to speak that sleep.
Sp. 10 I do by marriage-ty belong
to my beloved One,
And toward me is his desire
and best affection.

11 Come

11 Come, my Beloved, let us go
into the fields abroad;
And let us in the villages,
by night make our abode.

12 Let us get up betimes unto
the vineyards, let us see
The Vines that grow within the same,
if flourishing they be:
And if the tender grapes do yet
begin for to appear:

And if the pomegranats bud forth,
my loves I'll give thee there.

13 The Mandrakes they send forth their
that fragrant is and sweet: (smell,
And at our gates are to be found
all kind of pleasant fruit.

All fruits, I say, both new and old,
which for thine use alone,
I have laid up in store, O thou,
my best beloved One.

CHAP. VIII.

Sp. O That thou as my brother wert;
that suckt my mothers breast:
I would thee find without and kiss,
yet should not be disgrac'd.

2 I would thee lead and bring into
my mothers house, who me
Would teach: and I of spiced wine
to drink would give to thee,

And juice wrung from my Pomegranat.

3 His left hand he should place

Under

Under my head, and his right hand
Should kindly me embrace.

4 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge you, why should ye
Stir or awake my Love. until
it shal his pleasure be ?

D. 5 (Who's this up from the wilderness
that leaning comes we see,
Sp. On her belov'd ?) I rail'd thee up
under the apple tree :

There was it that thy mother dear
did bring thee forth ev'n there,
From pains of birth delivered
was she who did thee bear.

6 Oh, as a seal upon thy heart,
I pray thee, set thou me,
And as a signet on thine arm,
let me be set by thee :

Love's strong as death, and jealousie
is cruel as the grave.

The coals thereof are coals of fire,
a mighty flame that have.

7 Love many waters cannot quench,
nor floods it overflow :

Yea put the case that any man
should offer to bestow,

Ev'n all the substance of his house
to purchase love thereby,

It nothing would avail, but be
contemned utterly.

8 We have a little Sister, she
'no breasts hath : what shal we

Do

Chap 8

Of Songs.

Do for our Sister in the day
she spoken for shal be?

8g. Is she a wall? we'll on her build
a silver Palace fair:

Is she a door? with Cedar boards;
we will encompasse her.

sp. 10 I am a wall, as for my breasts,
like towr's they formed are:

Then I, as one that favor finds,
did in his eyes appear.

11 King Solomon a Vineyard had
at Baal-Hamon; he

To keepers let the Vineyard out,
With whom he did agree,

That each a thousand silver lings
for fruit thereof should pay.

12 My Vineyard is mine, it is
before my face alway.

O Solomon, to thee by right
a thousand doth pertain,

And unto those that keep the fruit,
two hundred do remain.

13 O thou that in the gardens dwel'st,
thy fellows do give ear

Unto thy sweet and pleasant voice;
O cause me it to hear.

sp. 14 Make halte, my well-Belov'd, and
thou like unto a Ro,

Or to a young Hart on the hills,
which full of Spices grow.

FINIS.

